The Chorus Lady.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK AND ITS THEATRICAL LIFE.

FOUNDED ON THE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

By James Forbes.

This Novelization of "The Chorus Lady" Was Made

By John W. Harding.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dan Mallory, a Virginia horse trainer, is engaged to Patricia O'Brien, New York chorus girl, whose father is associated with him in business. Mallory takes as partner a rich New Yorker named Crawford. Crawford is attracted by Nora O'Brien, Patricia's younger sister. Patricia catches Crawford kissing Nora. To save the girl from his lures Patricia takes her to New York and finds her a position as chorus girl. Nora meets Crawford secretly in New York and confesses to Patricia that she has forged her father's name to a $300 note (which Crawford holds) in order to pay money she owes and to buy clothes. Nora goes to Crawford's apartments to beg him for the note. As they are talking, Mallory is announced. Nora slips into an inner room. Crawford gets rid of Mallory, but not before the latter has had a glimpse of Nora's arm through the door. Hearing Patricia approach, Nora once more hides in the inner room. Patricia, suspecting that Nora has come for the note, has followed her to Crawford's apartment. Crawford denies that Nora is there. Mrs. O'Brien's voice being heard in the hall, Patricia darts into the room where Nora is hidden. At the Virginia farm, meantime, in the girl's absence from home Mrs. O'Brien has become restless. A stable boy, known as the "Duke," secretly loves Nora and behaves so strangely as to attract Mrs. O'Brien's attention.

CHAPTER XV.

(Continued.)

Patsy to the Rescue.

"Ye haven't had bad news from yir mother?" she inquired kindly.

He answered in the negative, and the old woman definitely made up her mind that he was suffering either from biliousness or indigestion.

"Lydy Belle," he would tell the mare "my Nora's a hactress, a lovely hangel, like the fairies in the pantomime at Droory Lyne an' Sanger's, with pink tights an' wings and spangles, an' the limelight pl'yin' on 'em. She's too pretty an' good for me naow. Yus, she is. But some d'y the Djuke's goin' to be somethin', too, an' all the papers'll be talkin' about William Perkins, the gryte jockey. Then you'll see me dash up in me motor to lay me nyme an' fortune at 'er little feet, an' she'll be me blushin' bride. An' Lydy Belle, I'll tyke you, too."

Sometimes, however, this rosy hued vision was darkened by the gray black shades of doubt. In his rare hours of leisure he had, at the cost of much labor and brain racking, written many letters to her declaring his love, only to tear them up in his fear of sending them.

The Shrimp happened upon him in the stable one day while the Duke was in the throes of one of these epistolatory efforts.

"Writin' po'try! Oh, mother!" sniggered his tormentor.

The Duke did not condescend to respond.

"Take My Tip and Quit."

"Take my tip, Dook, an' quit," went on the Shrimp. "It's a sign you got 'em bad when you gits de pome microbe under yer lid. Dere ain't a bundle in de wohld as is worth doin' de Shakespeare act for."

The Duke remained silent, and the Shrimp went away whistling.

"Say, Dook," he said, retracing his steps and stopping in front of him, "'scuse me fer bein' alive, but on de level, is it true she's run off wid a ash can white wing?"

"You're booboo, ain't yer Hi dunno what you're talkin' abaout," replied the Duke, whose heart sank within him at the thought that behind the Shrimp's raillery there might be bad news concerning Nora.

"No, ol' chap, I'm not dotty," continued the Shrimp. "I keeps a half Nelson an' a double diamon' cinch on me sense, so's not to let it git away from me. But I seen the old 'ooman a-tearin' her hair just now an' cryin' like she's been peelin' onions 'cause de boss came back from de village widout any mail. 'I know somethin's wrong wid me baby,' she was hollerin'. 'They never write any more. I ain't had a letter from her an' Patsy for a week, an' there was a owl hootin' on de roof last night, an' I put me stockin' on inside out dis mornin'.' Fancy callin' dat peep show stail a baby! She's a infant fermuminum—I don't think."

A Thrashing.

"An' d'you know what I think?" commented the Duke. "I think you're a low daown mut to talk like that of any gal, 'specially such a nice, respectable gal as Miss O'Brien."

"Aw, g'wan," said the Shrimp, delighted at having achieved his object of "taking a rise" out of the boy. "What d'you know about her? Let's have a decko at yer pome."

He snatched the paper from the Duke's hand and started away with it. This was the last straw. The Duke bounded up from the pail and dealt his tormentor a blow on the jaw with such force that it sent him to the ground. Then, before the Shrimp had recovered his senses sufficiently to realize just what had happened, the Duke had secured the paper, thrust it in his pocket and was standing over him, quivering with rage and inviting him to get up and be "spifflicated." The Shrimp was not slow to respond. He was on his feet in a twinkling and rushing at his adversary.

The boys were fighting all over the stable, and the Duke was having the life pounded out of him, when Mallory, attracted by the noise of the scuffle, appeared upon the scene and took a hand. He kicked the Duke through the stable door and then kicked the Shrimp after him, administering a sound cuffing to each as he did so.

The Last Duel.

This ended the last duel the boys were ever to engage in, for the same evening there came a telegram for the Duke. It was from his mother in New York and read:

"Come here by first train. We leave for London on Saturday."

An hour later the Duke, marvelling greatly, had bidden good-by to everybody, including the Shrimp, for he was not a boy of grudges, and was on his way to the railroad station.

The Shrimp's account of Mrs. O'Brien's outburst was a faithful narration of what had occurred. Her mother's heart, pining for Nora, had led her to worry and into a frame of mind in which it needed only such a combination of dire omens as the hooting owl and the stocking turned inside out to cause her to harbor forebodings of a most alarming and depressing character.

It was about three months after the departure of the Duke that an offer to purchase Lady Belle came to Mallory. His partner, Crawford, had not returned to Maple Grove after his first visit. Mallory was not exactly an adept in the art of letter writing. He decided that it would be advisable for him to continue the negotiations with McGovern in New York, where also he could have the benefit of ready counsel with Crawford. This course seemed the more advantageous in that it would afford him the yearned for opportunity of spending a few hours with Patsy. He argued, further, that if he gave the old people a treat by taking them with him Mrs. O'Brien, being able to see with her own eyes and hear with her own ears that everything was all right, would regain at once her cheerfulness and her health, which had begun to suffer.

A Great Day.

At last the great day when the trio found themselves amid the towering buildings of Manhattan arrived. It was early evening when, a little tired from their long journey, but buoyed by excitement and expectancy, they reached the metropolis and put up at a hotel near Times Square, where Mrs. O'Brien arrayed herself in her gala attire, and Mallory telephoned to Crawford's residence and to McGovern, the prospective purchaser of Lady Belle, who promptly followed this call with a visit. Then, after refreshing themselves with a substantial meal, they set off for the theatre, the old couple gleeful at the thought of the glad surprise they had reserved for the girls and prepared to enjoy the treat of their lives in seeing them act.

It was with much ceremony and a proud consciousness of the attention she was attracting that Mrs. O'Brien took her seat in the orchestra with her husband and Mallory.

While Dan was on his way uptown, chuckling at the thought of the astonishment and delight of the girls, the O'Briens were trying in vain to recognize their darlings among the array of beauties on the stage. Throughout the first act the mother was straining her eyes and fidgeting and demanding of O'Brien whether he could see them.

He had to confess that he could not, and a dime-in-the-slot opera glass failed to aid them, except to the extent of confirming Mrs. O'Brien's pronouncement that none of the girls was Patsy or Nora. At the conclusion of the second act, when they had not appeared, her growing conviction that something was wrong became a certainty, and with wild alarm she started out to investigate.

(To Be Continued.)

Regaining Her Own.

"I GUESS," said Mrs. Subbubs, "I'll have to give a big dinner."

"What for?" asked her husband.

"It's the only excuse I can think of to borrow back those fine plates I loaned to Mrs. Naybor."—Des Moines Register.

The Newlyweds—Their Baby—By George McManus

Tess, of the Boarding House, Dabbles in a Pool of Fiction

By Joseph A. Flynn.


JOS. A. FLYNN

"WHERE do they get all these stories?" Tess asked me last evening, "and do they really happen?"

"What stories are you referring to?" I replied, pausing in my endeavor to penetrate an armor-plated biscuit.

"Why, this one here," she said, directing my attention to a romantic tale in one of the Sunday newspapers. "It isn't worth sawdust, but I've read it so many times I know it by heart, because the girl in the story is a dead ringer for me, with a couple of exceptions. Give me your good ear for a moment.

"Angelina was a pretty girl, and would come near breaking any scales; but she was worth her weight in certified checks. Lovers by the score told her how they felt, and offered to help spend her pile; but she only shook her dainty head and pointed to the door.

"Her hair was the color of the sun on a June morning, and one glance from her beautiful blue eyes would wreck a train.

"One day, while out driving in the Park somebody yelled 'Oats!' and her horses started after the echo.

"Vincent Strong-Arms, who happened to be painting the grass, stopped the maddened animals by making a noise like a bale of real hay. Angelina looked around, saw who it was, and sank into his manly arms, holding on tightly to her watch.

"From thenceforth she knew whose name she wanted to wear seven days out of seven, because Vincent put the question on the spot.

"Father raved and stormed when she broke the news to him, and gently assisted Vincent down the stoop the first time he called. Father wanted her to marry Lord de Broke, but she refused.

"He locked her in the garret and had a juicy porterhouse steak and onions painted on the wall to get her goat.

"In a pair of patent leather shoes Vincent walked to Arizona and looked around for a gold mine. Finding one his size he started home.

"One day ever faithful Maggie handed Angelina a sugar-coated pill, hastily breaking it open she read:

"'Darling—Come. I am dying. Bring your lunch. VINCENT.'

"That night she slid down the morning glory vine on the front of the house, saddled old Tin Can, who could gallop a mile an hour, and started out to find her sweetheart.

"Hungry and weary, and with two puffs missing, she at last reached the deserted cottage in the deep woods, where Vincent lay sick with the fever. Opening the door, she struck a match against her shoe and her head against a beam, looked up, and found—Lord de Broke!

"She was trapped and she knew it!

"She was in the scoundrel's power at last!

"Her little tongue was glued to the inside of her neck, and all she could do was to yell for ten minutes without stopping; but the people passing by paid no attention to her, thinking she was taking vocal lessons.

"'Ha! ha! my proud beauty!' hissed De Broke. 'I have you in my power at last. I can ruin your father in the fish market to-morrow by selling 20,000 smelts. Marry me or go back to the glove counter!'

"'Marry you!' she cried. "'Ah, no! Never! Give me the glove counter!'

"With a horrible oath De Broke whipped out a long handled knife from behind his left ear and was about to hand it to her in the vicinity of her third rib, when Vincent, disguised in a clean shave, stepped from behind a photograph on the table, there was a shot, and De Broke needed an undertaker."

"Now," continued Tess, folding up the paper, "isn't that the limit?"

"Well, there may be a particle of truth in it," I replied, keeping an anxious eye on my portion of the string beans. "The only objection I have to these burning tales is that they always picture most men as villains. Now, all men are not villains."

"No, of course not," Tess rejoined. "They're heroes, until they're found out."

Betty Vincent's Advice on Courtship and Marriage

A Birthday.

Dear Betty:

I AM eighteen years of age, and have been keeping company with a young man one year my senior for the past three months. He has brought me several gifts, such as perfume, candy, books, flowers, &c. His birthday is next week. Would it be proper for me to give him something, and if so, what would you advise? CAROLINE.

You might give the young man cuff-links or shirt-studs, if he has no nice ones. If he smokes, a cigarette or cigar holder or a match box would be nice. Why do you not try to find out what he would like?

Ask to Call.

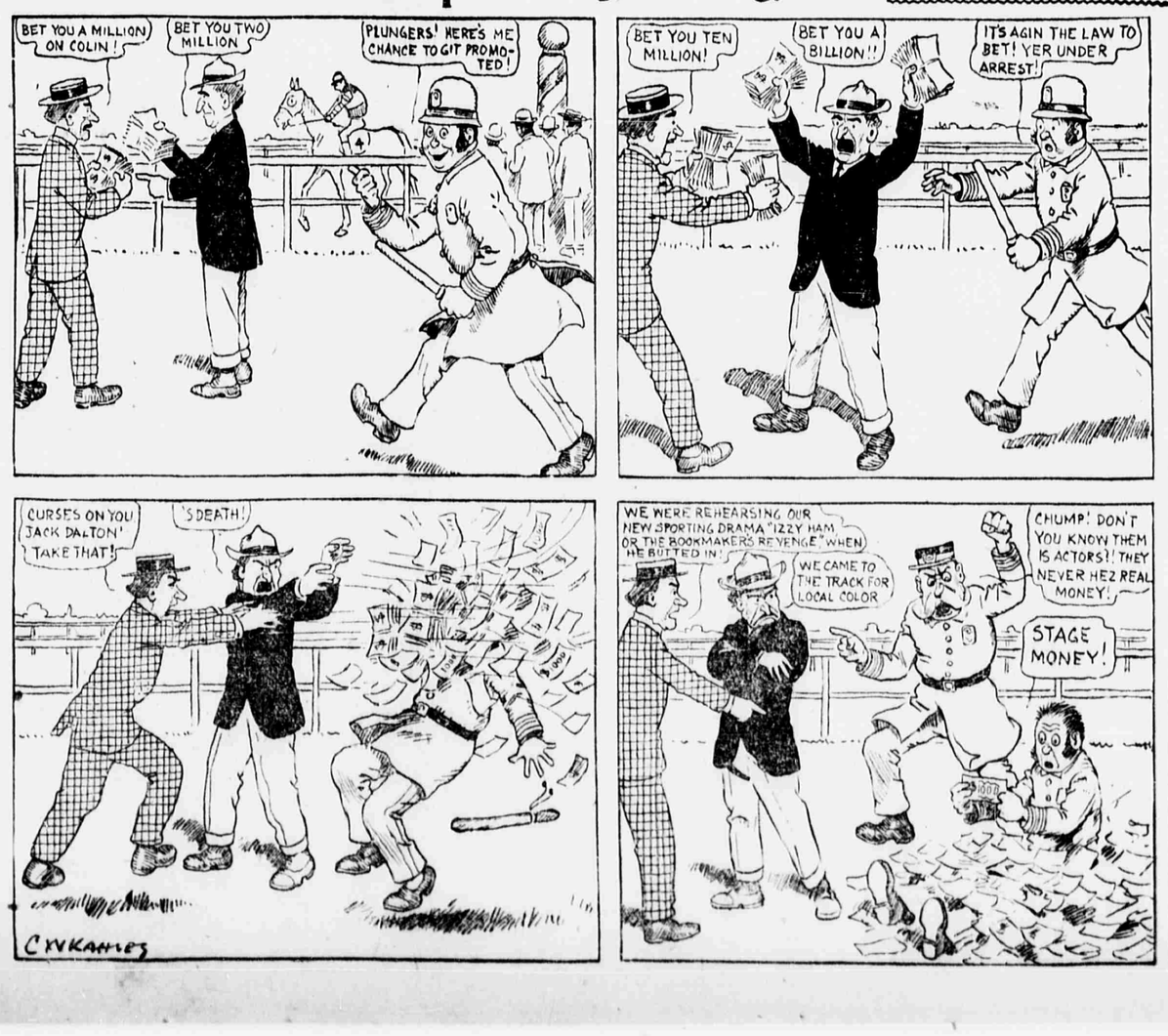
Dear Betty:

I AM nineteen years old and have become acquainted with a young lady of eighteen. I like her very much and would like to call on her once in a while so that we may learn to love each other when we are of marriageable age, we not considering anything more serious now. Should I ask to call? H. J. K.

Give her a strong hint that you would like to call, and if she cares to have you she will ask you to. If you think she likes you but is too shy to ask you, tell her you would like to call, and ask her if you may.

Clarence the Cop

By C. W. Kahles



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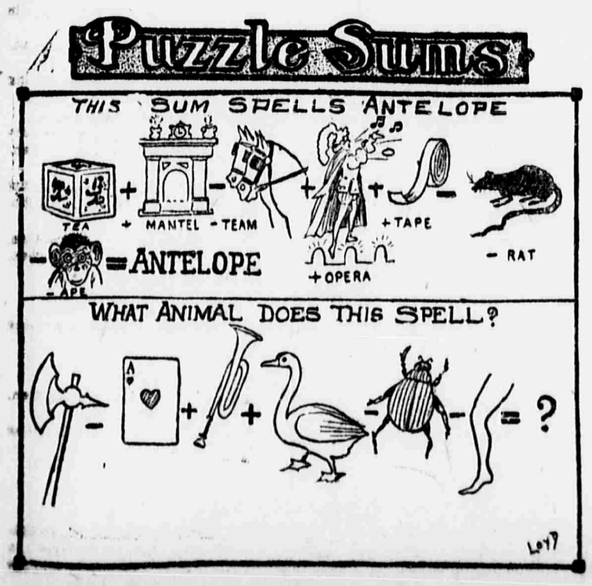

The Shirt-Sleeve Habits of Mother

By Lilian Bell

EVEN in families where father's home habits—which the children in their fury call "his hired man ways"—are most obvious it will always be observed that mother, although having shared his early disadvantages, has a way of concealing her lapses and falling in line with the children's new fangled ideas, almost as if she had been born with them.

That is because the feminine is always more adaptable than the masculine, and particularly the American brand of femininity. It is what makes an American show girl turn into a very neat article of English duchess in a year's time. It is what makes a fashion become "common"—i. e. because the adaptable American girl, who stands behind the counter or wields the typewriter, picks it instantly from the Fifth avenue importers of it.

Nevertheless, there are certain shirt-sleeve habits and manners which mother still retains which the younger children imitate and the older children repudiate. If these are discussed lovingly and tenderly, as such delicate matters always should be discussed, mothers must remember that in every child's life there comes a time, which I should call the sensitive age. It is a time when the child first finds itself, as Kipling puts it. The time when small matters become of vital importance—when the crossing of a street diagonally, instead of following the crossings, seems more vital to the child than his mother's Christian character.

Showing the Red Flannel.

Look back, you mothers, to the day when you discovered that your mother was pigeon-toed, or held her dress so high that it showed her red flannel petticoat or that she had any of the shirt-sleeve habits which your child now shrinks and shivers at when you commit them, and see if you cannot sympathize with the newer notions of "the babies."

They are not babies any longer. This sensitiveness as to "what mother does" is one of the first yet most unmistakable signs of their growing up.

Be loving, therefore to each other. Be tolerant, you mothers, of their criticism of your funny ways. Remember it is only because they want to be proud of you that they don't want you to pour your tea into the saucer and drink from it and that they hate to see you blow on your food to cool it.

And you, children, think over this phase of the subject. When you had scarlet fever, or pneumonia, or typhoid, who was it who took care of you, day and night? Who was never too tired or too worn out to start up at your hoarse whisper in the middle of the night? Who always, as she expressed it, "slept with one eye open," in order to come at your slightest call? Whose hand was always cool to your hot brow; who fanned you hour after hour; who

Drinking From a Saucer.

fed you cracked ice until her tired arm sometimes fell in her lap and spilled things? Who but this same dear, worn mother of yours whom you are now criticising because she did not take all that precious time she devoted to your comfort to practise the little flummididdles you think are the most important things in life?

Oh, my dears, if I could only show you the heart of your mother you would never again utter a word against her manners.

Her Answer.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

WHAT care I for treasure of jewels and gold
That you heap in this poor lap of mine?
The precious stones glisten, the metal is cold
And hard, with its glitter and shine.

You promise the rarest old treasures of art
That your culture and wealth can procure—
Think you the old masters can wake in my heart
A love that will always endure?

You promise me journeys in many a land
And voyages afar o'er the sea—
But I'd follow the beck of your two empty hands,
And that would be heaven for me.

You promise a pathway of roses and bloom,
With never a thorn for my feet,
Dear heart, I would dwell in the valley of gloom
With thee and my life would be sweet.

With thee, I could traverse the Valley of Death,
Meet his messenger grim, with a smile,
When you promise me gifts, you are wasting your breath—
Now tell me you love me a while.

Railway "Scraps."

At a recent convention of railway storekeepers held in a Western city, one of the statements made was that the storekeeper of the average big railway system carries 55,600 items of material in stock. Railway "scraps" are of sufficient importance as an economic factor to be divided into 133 classes in order that they may be sold most profitably.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY fresh development of the one-piece feature is met with enthusiasm, and this blouse is one of the prettiest which has yet appeared. It is simple, involving very little labor in the making and absolutely none in the fitting, while it is adapted to all seasonable waistings, and both to the gown and for wear with the old skirt. In this case it is made of pongee. Pongee is being extensively used this season for shirt waists as well as for garments of more formal dress, but lawn, batiste, madras and linen all are favorites.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 3-8 yards 21 or 24, 3 1-8 yards 32 or 2 1-8 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 6041 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

One-Piece Shirt Waist—Pattern No. 6041.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.